

You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow Chapter 277 - 280

Clarissa had no idea about the post of her and the five men at all. Moreover, the post didn't catch much attention since it didn't manage to go viral on the internet.

Certainly, she wouldn't be bothered by the post even if she found out about it.

Throughout the years, Clarissa had stopped worrying about how other people think of her. She didn't care much about those rumors on the internet, whether it was supportive or abusive.

Besides, she wasn't someone who kept monitoring those comments on the internet all day. She still had work to do.

Didn't she come all the way to D City for work?

Clarissa wrapped herself tightly in a down jacket before going out.

She had caught a cold previously and even had a phobia about going outside. Although there was a driver on standby to fetch her, she was still worried about being in cold weather. The moment Clarissa got down from the car, a gust of cold wind swept across her. Without hesitation, she quickly trotted into the building.

She started taking care of her images after entering the building. She then took off the hood of her down jacket, showing the pretty and smooth skin on her face.

Instantly, the employees' eyes lit up. They even thought she was a new artist in the company.

Before they could figure it out, Clarissa had already gone upstairs.

She was here again for her new script. The entertainment company under Tyson Corporation was quite serious about the script. They were planning to make it the drama of the year. Therefore, the preliminary preparation was important.

Clarissa had a strong dedication to her job. So, even if it wasn't for the sake of Tyson Corporation, she would still keep her work professional. Besides, she liked people who strived for perfection, which was also the company's value. So naturally, she had a lot of respect for the employees in the company.

There would be a lot of meetings in the preparation phase. Clarissa was being cooperative throughout the process. She even put her work aside to participate in the meeting.

She had been showing up at the Tyson Media building for several times. She never expected to be followed by paparazzi.

Clarissa was speechless when she saw her pictures on the internet.

She was neither a celebrity nor an influencer. In fact, she was just a screenwriter.

Furthermore, she dropped by for business purposes. Those paparazzi were incredibly ridiculous to spread rumors about Clarissa on the internet, saying that she had stepped into showbiz and become an artist under Tyson Media...

Of course, that news and images were deleted in no time.

Clarissa was at a loss for words. She propped her head on her hand with a straw in her mouth, looking conflicted.

Ellie took time out of her busy schedule to hang out with Clarissa. But, she had been wearing a troubled look on her face.

"What exactly are you worrying about? That news has already been taken down, right? Then,

why are you sighing?"

"There are too many things to be worried."

Aside from everything on the internet, she was actually thinking about whether to bring Damian over or not.

However, she didn't tell Ellie. Instead, she brought up another topic.

"I haven't had peaceful and quiet days ever since they posted those pictures on the internet, even though they have been taken care of. A few days ago, I saw another reporter following me. So, I exposed him on the spot. Why are they keep following me and taking my picture? It's so strange! To be honest, is my story newsworthy?"

Ellie thought about it for a while and said, "I've been busy with the factory shipments lately. I didn't know much about what happened to you. But, I heard the girls in my company talking about you. Was it something related to the charity auction?"

Clarissa nodded.

"You've been in the limelight recently. Of course, they will want to follow you everywhere you go, especially after what happened three years ago. Perhaps, they might get some interesting scoops from you."

Clarissa pursed her lips. "What is it so interesting? Hmph..."

It had always been Matthew from the beginning till the end.

"Tsk. Who knows? Maybe you have some romance stories. It's natural for a pretty woman like you to have many admirers. Look at you! Your charisma has grown over the years. You are getting more and more suitors now..."

Ellie even teased Clarissa purposely with an evil smile while she said that.

Clarissa couldn't help but roll her eyes at Ellie. "I dare you to say those words in front of your Uncle Matt."

"Do I look dumb?"

"Sure, you're not dumb. Our lady boss is a smart woman. Else, how could she make her business flourish like this?"

A grin appeared on Ellie's face after hearing Clarissa's words. She raised her brows. "My career is doing well, which means you're getting profit as well. You didn't accept the money back then. I've promised to give you the money. So, just accept it now."

Clarissa made a cute pouty face and smiled. She immediately went over and hugged Ellie, kissing her cheek lovingly.

"Ellie, you're the best! I love you so much. Does that mean I would still get to share the profit and enjoy my life to the fullest even if I stopped working in the future?"

Ellie pretended to be disgusted and pushed Clarissa away. "Alright. Stop being so cheesy. You've helped me a lot with the photoshoot previously. Now, you still have to do it several times a year. So, you deserve the credits."

"Anyway, I will pray for your success every year."

"Flatterer!"

Ellie scolded her. Instead of being upset, she smiled joyfully.

That night, they had fun together. They even invited Damon and the employees of their company for a meetup. The two lady bosses were actually creating an opportunity for those young people to socialize.

It had been a while since they had this kind of gathering. Damon had become much more matured over the years. He wasn't the same guy who teased and pranked Clarissa anymore. Damon had his own career now and some dating experiences. He was exuding the mature charm of a grown man as he walked in. The young ladies blushed and started whispering among themselves.

Ellie teased him, "Damon, congratulations for approaching the middle-aged club! It's the most attractive age for a man. Tsk tsk. You must be surrounded by a lot of young ladies."

Clarissa said with a smile, "Damon, you've become more charismatic."

Damon couldn't help but shake his head with a smile. "You two stop teasing me. Can we change a topic? Clare, the news about you recently is so much more interesting than mine."

Clarissa couldn't help but massage her forehead. "Can we not talk about this?"

Both of them were speechless.

However, it was a best friend thing to make fun of each other and joke around.

"But Clare, are you still going back to W City? Isn't it better to stay in D City for good?"

Anyway, it's more convenient for your work. That way, you don't have to go through the hassle of travelling back and forth between two cities."

Actually, Ellie wanted to ask the same question too.

But she didn't dare to do her like Damon. After all, she knew how hard it was for Clarissa to leave D City back then.

Ellie never expected Damon to be that bold. Thus, she secretly gave him a thumbs up.

Clarissa actually saw it. She couldn't help but let out a smile.

"Of course, I've thought about it. But before that, there's something I have to deal with."

"What is it?"

Clarissa shook her head. "My family."

That was also the most important thing.

Ellie had witnessed Clarissa kneeling down and swearing in front of Catherine. Therefore, she understood clearly how difficult the situation was for Clarissa.

Then, she heaved a sigh. "I can't believe you and Uncle Matt have to be in a long-distance relationship at this age, much more keeping it as a secret. You poor thing!"

"True love stands the test of time, distance, and absence, making it grow stronger. Difficult times only mean that the root of love will grow deeper!"

Clarissa simply replied.

At the end of the day, how was she going to deal with her family? It might sound not too difficult to handle, but that was only easy for them to say.

Catherine had been harsh on Clarissa and even forced her to swear. What happened in the past wouldn't simply fade away over time.

The three of them couldn't help but heave a sigh.

There were people coming in and out of the private room. Two of the young ladies from her studio said they ran into the Verona when they were on their way to the restroom.

"Clarissa, Verona is accompanying some men to drink and sing. Tsk. I silently took a glance from outside the door. I'm sure it's her. Those men look..."

Needless to say, she could imagine what kind of scene it would be in that room.

It was surprised to see a famous actress ended up being paid to entertain customers and

drink with them.

Another girl said, "To be honest, it's not a surprise to see her getting where she is now. I heard that her company has already given up on her. Verona's career is more or less doomed."

The girl gave Clarissa a thoughtful look while saying that. She was probably thinking to herself that everything was done by Clarissa.

However, her eyes were glittered with admiration and respect.

Clarissa cocked her brows. Deep down, she got the picture and understood why Verona end up that way.

Meanwhile, Ellie reprimanded the girl, "What are you looking at? Verona only had herself to blame for that. She deserves it. If she hasn't asked for it, she wouldn't have gotten herself into trouble for no reason."

"Yes, boss. We understand."

Then, she turned around and continued having fun with the rest. However, she had already formed her own opinions.

Finally, Ellie looked at Clarissa. "Are you feeling sorry for Verona?"

"Nope. Even if it wasn't for me, she would still offend someone sooner or later due to her dumbness. This time, I'm kind enough to go easy as I did not blacklist her. Hence, I won't be sympathetic towards her."

"Yeah. Anyway, this kind of people are just everywhere in the industry."

Clarissa sank into deep thoughts for a while and said, "I guess I know why those paparazzi keep following me. It's probably because of Verona. They are afraid of me, yet they still want to get some big news from me."

Perhaps, they were trying to figure out who was Clarissa's man out of those men who were related to her. Or maybe, she had been in a relationship with every single one of them?

They didn't talk about Verona for a long time as she wasn't that important to them.

Unfortunately, it was inevitably for them to bump into Verona when they stepped out of the room.

Verona was mad when she saw Clarissa having a great time with a bunch of friends.

Without hesitation, she abruptly pushed away the disgusting fat man beside her and lunged forward to Clarissa.

"Clarissa Quigley, I'm going to kill you! It's all because of you. This is all your fault! You're such a vicious woman! You made me- Ah... Let go of me..."

Before Verona could touch Clarissa, Damon had already pushed her away and pressed Verona against the wall. She was unable to move at all. In spite of that, she couldn't stop herself from scolding Clarissa. Their noise had successfully attracted a crowd of onlookers.

The crowd was confused at first when they heard those nasty words from Verona.

Eventually, it started to dawn on them.

Isn't that Verona? The young and famous actress?

And is that Clarissa Quigley, the renowned screenwriter?

And now, it was almost impossible for Clarissa to keep a low profile.

It was a battle between a former actress and a topical screenwriter; an unavoidable confrontation between two fascinating characters.

The drama between the two piqued the interest of the public. Intrigued, the masses set the Internet into a frenzy with their continuous searches on an array of search engines and social media platforms.

However, only Verona's photos went viral, featuring her in a disheveled state along with a scandalous post identifying her as an escort.

It was astonishing to see none of Clarissa's photos published online. In fact, all the news associated with her social media handle (@clarissa.quigley) were entirely removed, be it an image or a post.

That actress was quite popular some time back. She even locked horns with Clarissa and hinted that the latter entertained the unspoken rules in the entertainment business.

Somehow, the table turned, and Verona had become an escort.

To the general public who had been following the gossips, it finally dawned on them that Clarissa appeared to be the one with solid backing.

Some netizens even commented that the big shot supporting Clarissa was the mastermind who orchestrated Verona's downhill career.

Rumor had it that whoever that had offended Clarissa would face adverse consequences. Remember the award-winning actress, Shermaine Smallwood? She's behind bars. And Jamie Trudall disappeared completely from the eyes of the public.

The gossips continued to surface... Ms. Grandes, a well-known socialite from D City had it worse. She attempted to win over Clarissa's beau and landed herself in a family scandal. None of the Grandes was spared.

Many tittle-tattles were discussing how powerful Clarissa's background was, that one must never offend her.

The comments went on and on...

With all the juicy stories revolving around Clarissa, it did not take long before she became the hottest topic in town.

Yet, canards about Clarissa never seemed to stop.

The woman herself was totally baffled by the news she read online, particularly the part about her powerful backgrounds.

It's absurd how a petty argument with Verona could generate a ton of nonsense, turning me into someone who's above the law.

While Clarissa was playing with her phone, a man hugged her from behind and took her phone away. Subsequently, he turned her around and planted a kiss on her lips.

Aroused, he made further amorous advances, translating his lustful desires into lascivious actions. Morning exercise? This will do.

Thereafter, Matthew went to take a shower whereas Clarissa slugged in bed, not wanting to move a muscle.

When he came out from the bathroom, he saw her using her phone again.

"Still reading? Didn't you say that your eyes are dry and sore recently? Are they any better now?" Words of concern disguised the mocking tone in his voice.

He gestured to confiscate her phone.

She was quick to avoid it. Grinning, she replied, "I was just reading some news. Oh by the way, did you order someone to take action on Verona?"

“Verona? Who’s that?”

He appeared ignorant. Turning around, he removed his towel and started getting dressed.

Clarissa’s cheeks were flushed upon glancing at his naked body. She quickly covered her eyes with her hands.

A sudden silence filled the air. As soon as he put on his pants, he turned around to find his woman laying on the bed, abashed.

Amused, he chuckled softly and approached her. He then leaned over and took her hands away, revealing a bashful face.

“Why are you so shy? There’s nothing you haven’t seen before.”

She felt so uncomfortable to be stared at.

Swiftly, she pushed him away and then propped herself up.

“I was asking you about Verona, the actress who auctioned herself for a day at the charity event. The one who’s quite pretty,” Clarissa changed the topic.

Matthew pondered while buttoning up his shirt. “I can’t recall. Anyhow, I didn’t ask anyone to do anything to her.”

“Huh? It wasn’t you?”

Astonished, she cupped her face and started wondering who else might have helped her.

Her words upset Matthew slightly.

Who else? Does she have that many men?

He reached out and tapped the tip of her nose lightly as he said, “I was just kidding. Who else could it be, if it wasn’t me?”

She arched her brows. Since when did this man like to joke so much?

“You don’t believe me?”

“No, that’s not it...”

She presented her a luring smile. “You’re the best, Uncle Matthew!”

“Uh-huh, aren’t I always?”

He stroked her head gently, smoothed his clothes, and then left the room.

Not an ounce of guilty conscience was felt even though he had robbed others of their credit.

He would never allow other men to stand up for Clarissa and then have her channeled her gratitude toward another person, other than him.

The moment Matthew left Zen Highlands, he queried Donnie right away.

“Check on Verona’s case and find out who did it.”

Donnie already had the answer without needing to check. He was very well-informed about all news revolving around Clarissa because he had been monitoring her team closely.

Otherwise, the sensational news on the Internet would not have been deleted in a flash.

He knew about the conflict between Verona and Clarissa, like the back of his palm. Hence, he had prepared an action plan in advance and was ready to execute it at Matthew’s command.

However, Matthew was not aware of the drama between the two girls. Clarissa did not bring it up to him either. As a result, Matthew did not call for an action to be taken even though the team continued to keep an eye on its development.

In conclusion, Tyson Corporation did not make any move. Verona’s fall was the work of Yaala helped by Henry. In addition, Luke also played a part in causing Verona to hit rock

bottom.

A glint fleeted across Matthew's eyes. "Luke?"

What a nosy fellow!

Oh well, Clarissa will never know about his good deed.

"Don't let Clare find out about what Luke did."

Donnie was not surprised of that request. "Noted, Mr. Tyson."

Luke had no idea that someone else had taken credit for his work. Then again, if he wanted Clarissa to know about it, he would not have been so low-key about it.

Meanwhile, Luke was having a great time hanging out with a young girl, drinking. He was often surrounded by attractive girls; some were more gorgeous than Clarissa. As a playboy, he never considered himself becoming besotted with one girl.

It was hard to tell if he had a hidden agenda for helping Clarissa.

The ladies ate, drank, and joked around, pleasing the men while they had a jolly good time being served like a king. They teased and flirted with one another.

Suddenly, the conversation led to Verona.

"Tsk, that woman! Admittedly, she does have a voluptuous body. I wanted to sleep with her initially, but she was playing hard to get. Now? Pfft! I'm no longer interested even if she begs me for it. I wonder how many men that slut have slept with."

"Hahaha... Look who's talking? You're a fool for rejecting what's been presented on a silver platter for you while insisting to go on a wild goose chase for what you couldn't get. Are you seriously thinking that those famous actresses are all pure and innocent? They've all started with small roles and then slowly climbed up the social ladder. Who knows if they've done some sexual favors in exchange for bigger roles? It's just that no one has exposed their dirty secrets. They're nothing compared to this fresh, immaculate belle beside me."

A blush of embarrassment spread across the young girl's cheeks. She was indeed an amateur, who had just stepped foot into the industry.

Each had their own favorites. Some of these rich playboys liked to toy with actresses.

"Precisely! By the way, I like that popular screenwriter, who's the talk of the town recently. She's beautiful and delightfully charming, ooh la la..."

"Screenwriter? Oh, I remember. Yes, that one looks alluring. Why don't you go ahead?"

"I wanted to, but..."

Smash!

Luke was drinking indifferently. Upon hearing how the two men were discussing Clarissa, he chucked his glass at them. Though it missed the targets, but the two men were splashed all over, shocked.

There was a heavy silence in the private lounge. Luke's abrupt action thrust him into the limelight.

"Oops, my hand slipped," he said casually with a skin-deep grin.

Obviously, nobody believed his words.

"Luke, did I say anything wrong and upset you?"

Luke smirked while playing with the hair of the woman sitting next to him. His deep eyes twitched slightly.

"Are you two tired of living?"

“Luke?”

“Don’t you know whose woman is that screenwriter?”

“She’s yours, Luke? No wonder I have the impression that you’re infatuated to her at the charity auction few days back. Haha, sorry, it’s my fault, I totally forgot about that. Rest assured that I won’t comment on her further. However, if you’re bored with the screenwriter, do you think that...”

“Go screw yourself!” Luke cursed.

“Choose your words wisely. If something unwholesome comes out from your mouth ever again, trust me, I’ll make sure it’s sewed shut for the rest of your life.”

A murderous intent appeared on Luke’s face, making everyone present jump out of their skins. They stared at each other and quickly apologized in trepidation. No one dared to utter give another passing remark.

Luke did not bother to explain much, but simply declared, “Clarissa is not my girl. However, don’t cross the line.”

That was a reminder as well as a stern warning.

Subsequently, he left with one of the women.

Dumfounded, his gang exchanged looks with one another. Sipping wine, someone asked softly, “What’s up with Luke?”

“Why is he so protective of the screenwriter if she’s not his woman? Are they related?”

“What nonsense! Don’t we know all of his relatives? Is she a friend?”

“Friend? Have you seen Luke having any friends from the opposite sex?”

“I’m as clueless as you, but it does seem like Luke has fallen head over heels for that woman. Didn’t he go all out at the auction?”

None of the playboys had the slightest idea of what was going on, mainly because none of them knew what love was.

One of the women who was surrounding them longed for true love, but had soon forgotten all about it ever since she became an escort. In fact, she concluded that true love only existed in fairy tales.

She was the only one who could read between the lines that night while the other men were perplexed.

She said directly to the gang, “You guys don’t understand, do you? Mr. Harrison wants to protect that woman even though he doesn’t have her. This is because he loves her wholeheartedly.”

You’ll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow

Chapter 279

At the studio, Clarissa had received the illustrations from Joshua and was admiring her own caricatures.

She was drawn as a lovely girl with a rounded face and two hair buns in the shape of ox horns. Wearing a traditional white costume and holding a sword in her hand, she looked tremendously cool and adorable at the same time.

Clarissa loved it at first sight.

Joshua said proudly, “I knew it. You’ll surely love my illustrations.”

Beaming with joy, she said, “Seems like you know me well.”

"Of course! Don't you know me by now? I like you so much, how can I not know everything about you?"

"Hold it right there!"

Clarissa found it so annoying to keep hearing him say that he liked her.

"Don't keep saying that, I'm married. Moreover, it's not like you love me deeply, it's just a crush."

"That's not true, Rissa. Can't other men like you when you're married? It's not a sin, is it? Your husband should be proud that his wife is still in demand. It complements his taste and affirms that he's chosen the right person."

Joshua was an open-minded person. However, Clarissa did not want to attract unnecessary attention.

Perhaps she was rather conservative in her thinking, she only wanted to focus on the one she loved. As long as the feelings were mutual, nothing else mattered. In fact, infatuation from others would be a burden with no benefits to anyone.

Clarissa nodded. "Joshua, you'll realize how childish it is to think this way once you've met your one and only love. All of your love and adoration should be reserved for the woman who's worthy of your affection."

He seemed confused, but Clarissa did not bother to debate further.

Feeling pleased with the illustrations seen thus far, a consensus was reached upon deliberating all relevant details with the publisher. As soon as the full set of drawings were completed, they would start publishing the full series of Clarissa's work.

The fairy tale that she had auctioned earlier landed in the hands of Matthew. Clarissa planned to print it as a book and gift it to her son as a present, limited edition and not for sale to the public.

However, it would be more appealing to the child if there were beautiful illustrations that go along with the story.

She passed the story to Joshua and tasked it to him, who agreed almost instantly.

It'd be a perfect festive gift to Damian.

She missed Damian so much and yearned to visit W City since she was not too occupied with work recently.

The journey there would only take about two hours by flight.

The more she thought about it, the more resolute she was to leave for W City. Without further ado, she returned to Zen Highlands to pack her things.

Hmm... It's best I give Matthew a call to inform him about this decision.

"Now?"

Matthew frowned helplessly when he got the news about her impulsive plan.

"Yes, I'm not busy lately, so I'll get a ticket and leave right away. It's just a short distance away. Don't stop me, okay? I want to stay at home and accompany Damian. I miss him terribly. I'll flip out if you say no."

Massaging his temple, Matthew replied, "I'm not stopping you, Clare. I miss him as much as you do too."

"But you don't have time to go to W City."

She was packing while talking to him over the phone, "When I get there, I'll make sure

Damian video chats with you often, all right? I'm leaving soon."

"Okay, I'll get the chauffeur to drive you to the airport. The flight details will be sent to your phone in a bit."

Smiling sweetly, Clarissa answered, "Thanks, my dear Hubby, you're the best. I'll get going first."

It takes a lot of effort to hear her address me as 'Hubby.'

A satisfied smug appeared on his face. He did not hang up but continued to engage in small talks with her. Once she got into the car and settled down, Matthew shared, "Clare, I don't want to keep doing this with my own son; seeing him via video calls or meeting up once or twice each month."

Clarissa understood the hidden meaning in his words.

She kept quiet; he did not push her for an answer either.

Shortly after, Clarissa broke the silence. "I know, this is definitely not a desirable long-term plan."

She sighed. "I was just thinking about this issue a few days ago. Damian will be entering kindergarten next year. It's best he studies in D City. Most importantly, as a father, you can't always be absent in his life. It's not your fault; the problem stems from Grandma and me. Well, don't worry, I promise you that I'll persuade Grandma and sort this out before Damian goes to school."

Her promise gave him a lot of assurance.

"Clare, I must thank you."

"Huh? Whatever for?"

He chuckled sentimentally. "Thank you for giving me such an adorable and intelligent son. I've never had a chance to say this to you. I also didn't get to thank you personally for your endurance when you delivered our son."

Upon hearing his sincere words, Clarissa failed to hold back her tears and they streamed down her face profusely.

She did not sob, but merely let the tears streak her face.

"You... Why did you mention all these out of the blue? You made me tear up," she choked up and responded in a whiny voice.

He laughed. "I just thought about it. All right, I shall stop. Don't cry, okay?"

"Hmph, you must keep saying nice things like these. However, wait for my return and say it to me again. I'll be extremely touched."

"Sure, I'll do it again when you come back."

His reply made her broke out into laughter.

Two hours later, Clarissa was back in W City. She could not stop hugging her cute son and showering him with smooches.

"Mommy, Mommy, I miss you so so so so much! I love you very much too..."

It was too sweet to hear these words from Damian. Clarissa's heart felt so warm.

Staring at his lovely face, she could not stop cuddling and kissing him. She felt that she had the entire world in her palm whenever she was with Damian. Every second spent with the little one was worth much more than anything else.

Then, Matthew crossed her mind. It must have pained him a lot for not being able to see Damian as often as he'd wished.

When Clarissa brought Damian to the kids' fun land at the mall, she posted him a question,

“Darling, tell me honestly. Do you miss Daddy?”

At that time, the elated Damian was enjoying himself on a bumper car ride; nothing mattered more to him than having fun.

“Nope!”

Clarissa’s lips twitched. She figured out it was not the best time to ask him that question. When they finally settled down with no distraction, she made another attempt.

“Darling, do you want to live with Daddy? He can bring you to the shooting range, go on car rides, and put you on his shoulders just like what Jackie did with his dad...”

She gave him a lot of examples and uttered a long list of Matthew’s strengths.

Tilting his head, Damian stared at her and queried, “Mommy, you want me to live with Daddy, right?”

She paused and raised the white flag.

“Yes, Darling, I would very much want the three of us to stay together.”

Damian reached out his hand to stroke Clarissa’s face as if trying to console her. “All right, all right. I’ll do whatever that makes you happy Mommy.”

The way he gives in to me and comforts me... He’s just like an adult trapped in a little boy’s body.

Clarissa giggled at the sight of his chubby face, contrasted with his mature actions. My son is so charming.

She could not help but give him another kiss.

Feeling rather impatient, Damian pushed his mother away and asked, “Can I go play now?”

“Haha... okay, okay. I won’t delay you further. Go ahead and enjoy yourself.”

Immediately, he dashed to the other children and socialized with them. When he met some older kids, Damian would address them politely.

Some kids ignored him, but he would still wear a warm smile on his face, not knowing what it meant to feel awkward.

There were also some friendly children who invited him to play together. He would chit-chat non-stop with them, regardless if the other party understood him.

Clarissa was observing him from afar. Who does this fellow take after? He’s so talkative.

Matthew is definitely a man of few words. Hmm... No, I’m totally not loquacious.

After having a great time at the arcade, both the mother and her son enjoyed a meal together.

Clarissa started reminding his son, “When we get home, don’t tell Great-grandma that I want you to live with Daddy. Understand?”

“Sure.”

“When it’s bed time, you can mention that you miss Daddy. Okay?”

“Sure.”

“If Great-grandma appears to be upset, stop after the first mention. Do you get it?”

“Yes.”

“If Great-grandma didn’t pull a long face, you can repeat and say how much you miss Daddy, all right?”

Damian stopped responding. Frowning his brows, he lifted his head, revealing a greasy mouth filled with food. “Mommy, you’re so noisy. Can you let me eat first and talk later?” he

grumbled.

Clarissa was rendered speechless.

Biting her lips, she zipped her mouth at her son's complaint.

When they finished their meal, Clarissa helped Damian clean his hands and mouth. Then, she put his jacket on for him and was ready to carry him home.

Suddenly, Damian uttered, "Mommy, I'll tell Great-grandma that I miss Daddy."

Clarissa turned her head to look at her son, who was sitting at the backseat. He's so smart.

He understands everything that the adults say. Conversely, the adults are the ones who assume kids know nothing. My son is exceptionally intelligent and mature.

You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow Chapter

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After he got a kiss from his mother, he then got off the car and went home.

Damian, who had been playing the whole day, and was tired by then. However, he became excited again as soon as he saw Catherine. He hugged her fervidly as he spoke in a playful tone.

"Great-grandma, I really missed you today. I missed you so much that I didn't even eat well..."

"Hahaha... My dear boy, I've missed you too. You're such a good boy..."

She was happy to hear his words, feeling pleased with his eloquence and skills to make others happy.

Even though there were always many other children around every time Catherine took him out, Damian was the most popular among them. He was sweet and friendly to everyone and was also cute. As a result, others felt a sense of familiarity with him. Furthermore, he was also eloquent.

At times, Clarissa herself did not know where he got that from. Perhaps he learned from the cartoons he watched or learned through listening to adult conversations.

No matter what it was, he could remember the words as long as he had heard them before.

In addition, he could pick suitable words to use in different situations.

Clearly, no one would dislike such a smart child.

At that moment, Damian was sitting beside Catherine as he talked about what he did that day and what he played with.

Clarissa had previously gone back to her room to change her clothes and came out just in time to hear him say, "Great-grandma, I miss Daddy. Today, another kid was there with his dad. I want Daddy to play with me too."

She then paused in her footsteps, sighing inwardly. This kid even knows how to bring things up in such an indirect manner.

However, Catherine had remained silent at his comment. Just as Clarissa thought that her grandmother was angry, Catherine put her hand on Damian's head instead.

"You're right, Damian. Your dad should play with you."

Surprised by her words, Clarissa stepped back a little, wanting to hear what else Catherine was going to say.

Instead, Damian then hugged Catherine. "Are you unhappy, Great-grandma? I want both you and Daddy. Don't be sad. I'll give you a kiss. "

"I'm not upset, my darling."

She stroked his hair and continued, "You've grown up, Damian. You should be with your father. I'm old and can't move around anymore, so you need to come back and see me often next time, okay?"

"Come back?"

She smiled. "Go to D City with your mommy. When you're done enjoying yourself there, then come back. You haven't been there even though you're a big boy now."

"D City? Where's that?"

"Your daddy's there! D City's great. It's a lot bigger than here and has many exciting things. Also, your daddy's house over there is huge, and the scenery there is very pretty too. If you see a really big city while watching TV, that's D City..."

"Wow... that's D City!" he exclaimed exaggeratedly, opening his mouth wide. It was how he usually expressed his feelings.

In that respect, he was considered a good actor. He could easily show others his reactions, which encouraged them to continue talking.

"Yeah, that's D City. You'll like it when you go over with Mommy. Then, you can also play with your daddy."

He cupped his face as he focused intently on what she was saying.

After a while, Catherine fell silent.

At that moment, Clarissa then walked out. As soon as Catherine noticed her, she waved and got up. "I'm tired and can't entertain him anymore. I need a rest."

Nodding as she picked her son up, Clarissa then carried him back to her room.

While in the shower, Damian asked, "Mommy, is the D City that Great-grandma talked about really that fun?"

"It is!"

Subsequently, she began to talk about many other fun places as he stared at her with big eyes, his gaze full of anticipation.

Instead of reading him a bedtime story that night, she continued talking about D City.

Then, when he finally fell asleep, she had some alone time to contemplate the situation.

I didn't expect that Grandma actually approves of it. Back then, she was so resolute when she made me make the vow. She probably regretted it a little when she later found out I was pregnant, right?

Yet, Catherine had not said anything and had remained stubborn the past few years, at the same time taking the opportunity to test Matthew.

For some unknown reason, her grandmother's change in attitude made Clarissa feel somewhat uncomfortable.

She then got off the bed to video call Matthew, telling him about what Catherine and Damian had talked about that day.

However, Matthew did not seem too happy and fell silent after hearing her story.

In reality, Clarissa was probably having the same thoughts as he was. Even though they felt happy, they also felt speechless at the same time.

Matthew then changed the topic.

"Clare, will you come back with Damian this time?"

She pondered before she said, "Let me ask Grandma. Even though she has agreed, I still

want to ask her. There's another problem. The air in D City now isn't good, so we have to stay indoors and can't go out for a few days in a week. Also, if I bring him over now, it'll be too cold."

"Yeah, don't stay here for long. If possible, you can bring him over so he can familiarize himself with the environment first."

Clarissa nodded, and they then began to discuss the child's room and what other facilities they should add to Zen Highlands. Basically, every little thing in the house had to be altered for the child.

Matthew seemed to have a lot he wanted to say regarding those few matters. As a result, they spoke until the wee hours of the morning.

For the next four days, Clarissa stayed at home. However, she still had to return to D City for work.

In preparation, she looked up D City's weather and found that it would be good for quite a few upcoming days. Then, the day before she left, she hesitated for a long time before mustering up her courage to speak to Catherine.

However, Catherine spoke even before she could.

"Clare, take Damian with you when you go to D City this time."

Clarissa was stunned upon hearing her words. She had not expected her grandmother to take the initiative and bring up that matter first.

Compared to Catherine's calmness, she was obviously a little stunned.

Yet, Catherine neither said much else nor explained herself. She did not talk about whether she was right or wrong in the past and did not explain why she was letting go of control then. Perhaps she actually did not think that she did wrong back then.

Resultantly, Clarissa did not know what she was thinking, and Catherine would not say it either.

Maybe if Damian weren't born then, things would have been different. But such a thing can't be predicted anyway.

Ever since Damian's birth, the furthest he had been was only to somewhere around Summerbank's zoo. Since he was so young, it was rather inconvenient to bring him out, especially when Clarissa was alone.

However, that day, Damian was about to head to D City. Regardless of who was there in D City or how it was like there, simply going on a trip was an exciting experience for a child nonetheless.

Clarissa had packed a huge bag of clothes for him, and he had insisted on bringing his toys. In the end, he almost brought everything over.

Damian decided to only bring a small bag of toy cars only after Clarissa promised to buy more toys for him in D City.

Meanwhile, Matthew wanted to go over and pick them up himself upon knowing that both the mother and their son were heading to D City.

It was Clarissa who stopped him from his exaggeration. On the day they left, Jenny helped send the pair to the airport. They flew first class, and Damian was very excited when the plane took off, although he sat obediently in his seat when boarded the plane.

Then, as soon as he could move around, he put on his best smile and started to act cutely.

He greeted everyone on the plane, smiling at each one of them.

As it was rare to see such an eloquent, sweet-tongued child, the passengers all looked at him in interest.

From aside, Clarissa was rather embarrassed and smiled along with her son, constantly blushing.

Luckily, he's not as bad as he usually is at home and didn't make me lose face in the past two hours. Otherwise, I'll throw myself off this plane right now.

When they finally arrived at D City's airport, she wanted to carry Damian, for she was worried that he would get lost in such a huge crowd. However, he wanted to walk by himself.

Walking off by himself, she then chased after him as she shouted. Eventually, she could not help but grab him, then scolded him sternly for his action. The all excited Damian immediately became upset.

To show his unhappiness, he put on a long face and looked away from her. Then, stuffing his hands in his pockets, he walked forward without bothering about anything else.

Clarissa slowly followed after him, almost laughing at how he was behaving.

His hands were in his pockets as if he were an adult, and he had on a cool expression as he walked forward on his short legs, ignoring everything else. As soon as the other passengers walking past saw how cute he was acting, they couldn't help but laugh.

Someone then teased him, trying to get him to speak. However, he was no longer the same smiley boy just moments ago and had instead turned a cool-looking boy with an attitude.

Yet, the more he acted that way, the more others found it funny.

He continued walking until he reached the arrival gates, where he then noticed numerous people waiting in front of him. Then, he finally felt scared and turned around to look at his mother.

Pressing her lips together, Clarissa smiled slightly.

"Why aren't you walking forward?"

Ultimately, Damian was still a child, so too much walking had made him tired. Moreover, the crowd in front of him also made him scared.

He called out to Clarissa softly, starting to act cute again.

"Mommy... Carry me..."

Snorting in laughter, she then lifted him onto the suitcase and rolled it as she walked. At last, Damian smiled cutely again.

However, they had only taken a few steps before he was lifted again and pulled into the arms of a strong, broad-chested man.

Carrying his son, Matthew locked eyes with Damian's widened ones. A few seconds later, Damian shouted, "Daddy!"